I found by experience, what before I could not believe, that every young gentleman, at his firſt coming to a boarding ſchool, is generally looked upon with a great deal of contempt by the upper ſcholars, who ſometimes think too much of themſelves. I aſked one a queſtion, he turned from me without condeſcending to give me an anſwer; a ſecond laughed at me; and a third even gave me a knock on the pate. I thought of this matter very ſeriouſly when I went to bed, and did not forget the wiſe admonitions my father had given me; but I found that there was ſome little difference between theory and practice, and I could not brook the thoughts of being affronted: to tell my maſter, I thought would be *childiſh*.

Having now reſolved what part to act, the next day I aſked one of the above three, what was the hour of the day. He anſwered me in a very ſurly manner: I reaſoned with him; he gave me the firſt blow, and I threſhed him ſoundly. A ſecond was playing at marbles; I aſked if I might make one. He came to me, and gave me a knock on the head, for which I returned

returned a couple, when he walked off very contentedly, ſeemingly not any ways deſirous of having more.

Theſe were the only times I ever had any quarrels with my ſchool-fellows: for, as this paſſed in the preſence of them all, one half admired my courage and reſolution, and the other half courted me through fear.

My endeavours were now conſtantly employed to retain by friendſhip and kind actions the eſteem I had acquired by force. I ſoon convinced them of the naughtineſs of treating new ſcholars in that manner; and preſently acquired ſuch credit among them, as to be deſired to determine thoſe diſputes, which otherwiſe could have been ſettled only by blows. I am ſure I am not vain of myſelf in ſaying this; for if every one cannot ſay as much, it muſt be their own fault only.

CHAP.